

Title: History of Richard 4

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Richard sat on the same rock as he had sat before, the area looked much different in his mind as it had in reality, he preferred the black forest to be out of sight, his father's memory did not exist to him anymore, the forest which had kept him captive was nothing. Picking up a rock, Richard tossed it in the still waters, causing the stone to skip several times, rippling the glassy surface at its passing. Richard studied himself, a peasant boys garb was draped over his form, patches of dirt and grass lay matted to the garments, speaking of a long days play. For once he did not feel the cold embrace of steel, the blade at his side did not exist anymore, for once he tasted the freedom of childhood. He was a boy again.

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“Terangal, did you gather the boy’s ashes? I want a burial for him; I shall mourn the death of my wasted time, rather then for my useless offspring.” The High Advocate trudged down the stone steps of the cave, cursing as perspiration began to form on his brow.

The High Advocate reached the bottom, staring out into the heated inferno of flame; a shocked look of total surprise crossed his face, sending him stumbling back into the cave entrance.

“Father, I have passed your test and killed your Zealot. On this day I am known as a sword master of the way, the teacher of many, the defiler of pain, and the leader of your people.” The child walked over the molten flooring, gracefully dancing over the flames as the heat refused to strike his skin. The child strode forward and approached the High Advocate, the blue of his eyes overpowering the fiery light emanating from the flames.

“You... were supposed to die! This test was never meant to be passed by you! You’re a boy, a mistake, your birth was a defiance to my will, you are a testament to the weakness of humanity! You shall stay here until you die Richard, my will shall not be challenged again!” The High Advocate’s voice was frantic as he glared hysterically at the child, spitting his words like acid.

“No father, your will shall never again have its chance to be challenged. Step aside, my armies await me.” Richard began to stride towards the entrance, his flayed clothing matted to his burned and charred skin, reeking of death and flesh born ash.

“You are your mother’s child, Richard. It is only fitting that she be allowed to raise you now.” The High Advocate grinned as he approached the steadfast child, raising his gauntlets to the air. The High Advocate struck the child with unrelenting fury, raining blow after blow upon the fragile and burned form.

The child buckled under the force of the strikes, and blood flowed freely from his battered and beaten skull. The reign of blows did not stop, and in a short time, the child lay motionless on the cave floor. Blood stained Richard’s now crimson hair; the light of his eyes slowly fading into nothingness.

“Perhaps my next son shall be less of a disappointment.” The High Advocate spat on the boy’s body and strode out of the heated cavern in now confident footsteps.

#### Chapter Six- Forgotten Paths

“Richard, wake up, your home now.” The voice of an aged man dancing through the child’s consciousness resonated loudly through his thoughts. The voice floated gently, awakening him from his rest, beads of tears formed at the sides of his dull blue eyes, threatening to flow freely across his face.

“Who are you? I think I know who I am... I want to go home to bed.” The boy spoke in a now childish tone, his voice shaking as his lower lip quivered and his head wound began to throb.

“I am Zel, your uncle, Richard. You had quite the fall, we need to get you back home, your already missing your reading lessons, you should have been half way through Virtue already.” the old man chuckled as he stroked the boys forehead, gently and discretely casting a calming spell over the child, watching as he drifted back to sleep.

“Richard, you shall be a child, I shall raise you as your mother intended me too, I am glad you are my nephew, and not my enemy. It is better that you do not remember what you were, a building built upon false foundations will never rise.” The old man moved the edge of the blanket towards the boy’s chin, smiling as he looked down upon the sleeping child... his child.

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“I’m the greatest warrior!” A boy yelled to a flushed dark haired child dancing around a tree, waving a swords length branch in the air.

”No, I am!” A young black haired boy of the same age yelled back at his friend.

”You can’t be, your going

to be a dusty old scribe,  
just like your father!"

"I am not; I'm gonna be  
the greatest warrior who  
ever lived! I'll... I'll... be  
able to lift  
this entire island... and...  
and... crush all of Caina  
with it!"

"Nuh uh, Richard's gonna  
be a dusty old scribe!"

"No, I will! I will become  
a warrior, you'll see!"

The dark haired boy's  
eyes began to well up,  
tears threatened to break  
through his glassy vision  
and stain his face. The  
two boys yelled back and  
forth while waving sticks  
in the air in a comical  
imitation of swordplay.

"Richard!" The sharp  
voice of an elderly man  
danced through the air,  
implanting itself firmly in  
Richard's ear, as if the  
words themselves had  
been forged by magic.

"There is someone here  
whom you should meet, I  
have called him here on  
your behalf, return home  
immediately, and bring  
your "sword"." The last  
words of the old mans  
sentence carried a touch  
of humor, as well as  
shock, as Richard eyed  
the branch in his hand.  
His uncle never ceased to  
surprise him with his  
magic; everything from  
making his garden grow  
at whim, to pestering the  
beggars with a floating  
coin, his uncle was full of  
tricks. Richard arose, and  
eyeing his light haired  
friend, who now had his  
tongue stuck out at him

in a mocking gesture, began to head towards home, his face red with embarrassment.

Upon his arrival, Richard spotted a large and lightly armored figure standing in the entrance of the house, speaking with his uncle in humorous tones. Richard approached shyly, slowly inching his way to his uncle's side, eyeing the soldier with awe.

“So this is the young lad eh? He looks strong enough...gods above, he definitely looks strong enough, are you sure this boy came from a mages loins?” The man laughed slightly while still eyeing the child, who stood in intense awe of the soldier he now knew to be a paladin of Lord British.